Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying downe:
Come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

La. Go, ye giddy goose.

The musicke playes.

Hot. Now, I perceiue the diuel vnderstands Welsh,
And t'is no maruaile he is so humorous,
By'rlady he is a good musicion.

La. Then should you be nothing but musicall,
For you are altogether gouerned by humours:
Lie still, ye thiefe, and heare the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather heare, lady, my brache howle in Irish.

La. Would'st thou haue thy head broken?

Hot. No.

La. Then be still.

Hot. Neither, t'is a womans fault.

La. Now God helpe thee.

Hot. To the Welsh Ladies bed.

La. What's that?

Hot. Peace, she sings.

Here the Lady sings a Welsh song.

Hot. Come, Kate, ile haue your song too.

La. Not mine in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours in good sooth? Hart, you sweare like a comfit-makers wife, not you in good sooth, and as true as I liue, and as God shall mend me, and as sure as day:
And giuest such sarcenet suretie for thy oathes,
As if thou neuer walk'st further then Finsburie.
Sweare me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouthfilling oath, and leaue in sooth,
And such protest of pepper ginger bread
To veluet gards, and Sunday Citizens.
Come, sing.

La. I will not sing.

Hot. T'is the next way to turne tayler, or be redbrest teacher: and the indentures be drawne, ile away within these two houres, and so come in when ye will. *Exit.*

Glen. Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as slow,
As Hot, Lord Percy, is on fire to goe:

By

By this our booke is dra
And then to horse imm
Mor. With all my he

Enter the King, Pr

King. Lords, giue vs
Must haue some priuat c
For we shall presently h
I knowe not whether G
For some displeasing ser
That in his secret doom
Hee'le breed reuengem
But thou doest in the pa
Make me beleeue that
For the hot vengeance
To punish my mistread
Could such inordinate
Such poore, such bare,
Such barren pleasures,
As thou art match't wit
Accompany the greatn
And hold their leuell w

Prin. So please your
Quit all offences with
As well as I am doubtl
My selfe of many I am
Yet such extenuation l
As in reproofe of many
Which oft the eare of
By smiling pickthanks
I may for some things t
Hath faltie wandered, a
Find pardon, on my tr

Kin. God pardon the
At thy affections, whic
Quite from the flight o
Thy place in counsell t
Which by thy yonger
And art almost an alien